

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17, 1836.

**AN EXTRA, FOR SOUTHERN AND WESTERN CIRCULATION, will be ready in a few days. Merchants who wish to join will please send in their Advertisements as soon as possible.**

FROM WASHINGTON.—Accounts from Washington yesterday, stated positively that the "Government" had been officially advised that the long talked of French Indemnity had at last been paid into the hands of Mr. Brent, the American Consul at Paris. The Washington Globe appears to confirm this statement. No doubt is entertained of its truth. The whole French Question is now settled, and the United States Government has gained its point of honor as well as the money. All Europe and the world are laughing at France, and will grin for a few months till some greater piece of folly take away public attention. Hereafter the news from Washington will be scarcely worth reading. It will consist of nothing but the small, petty, miserable movements of miserable politicians, struggling for victory and trying to get to the windward of each other in the matter of electioneering or an item in the appropriation bill. In a short time the politicians will be arranging the game for the next presidential election. All the members of the House of Representatives and the Senate will be devoted to mere electioneering purposes.—There will be a great war of words about nothing—for as matters now stand, Mr. Van Buren is already the next President by appointment of the Old General, and had the "old 'un" selected another successor, he would have left the purple to him with just as equal certainty as Van now receives it. Our government is a democracy—a free unadulterated democracy—and democracy means the strong side—the majority of the people.

**DIPLOMACY.**—Who are the real diplomatists of the age? Who preserve the peace of nations? Who control the current of great events? Who hold in their hands the destiny of the world? Who announce the fact mathematically when peace is made and treaties are to be complied with? It is not Kings, nor Princes, nor Presidents, nor Premiers. The great House of Rothschilds' and their agents are the true Kings and Princes in these latter days. They begin negotiations—they watch the progress of events—they disclose to their correspondents all over the world, the state of public affairs—and when treaties are terminated they announce the fact to the world and diffuse joy and satisfaction all around the country. That mysterious and wonderful black-eyed race who gave the world half its civilization and is the source of all its religion—who once occupied the land of Judea, and ought to be still the owners of its real estate, with all its appurtenances, Jerusalem and all, are now in fact, by means of their business talents and remarkable energies, the actual governors and princes of the Christian world.—Europe and America are converted into a second "Land of Egypt," and Joseph and his brethren in spite of pious Potiphar and his pretty wife, once more manage all the affairs of Pharaoh, fill his granaries—look after his flocks—construct his rail roads—build his palaces—and make the whole land and sea

"As merry as merry can be."

Long may they continue to do so, for in Wall street we would sooner trust to the tender mercies of the very worst of the tribe of Judea, than to the very best of those who call themselves Christians, look long faces, and say long prayers.

**THE POST OFFICE.—MANAGER'S LAST KICK.**—After a couple of years' hard labor, long praying, loud preaching, collecting money, and instituting societies, the prime abolitionists have reached a crisis—the pear is ripe, and what is the result of all their labors? Why,—the removal of Samuel L. Gouverneur, the postmaster, because he had the audacity to check the circulation of their incendiary matter in the South.

A dirty weekly paper, without circulation or character, nicknamed the Sunday News, has also leagued with the abolitionists, and wants Mr. Gouverneur to be removed.

We do not believe that any such removal will take place; but if such an unholy league should triumph, we trust some one competent to do the duties of the office will receive the appointment. Let the postmaster be taken from among the active clerks—from those who do the work—not the drowns in, or out, of the office.

The Post Office Establishment is one of the most important in this city. Its revenue this year will be over \$300,000, about one-third over the receipts of the previous year. The new start which our trade has taken in consequence of the happy settlement of the French and Bank questions, will, we have no doubt, in a few years, double its present revenue. It is highly important, therefore, if Mr. Gouverneur is to be removed, to gratify the resentments of the abolition party, that a person should be elevated to the post office who is acquainted by long experience with the details of business, and intimate with the machinery of the establishment. Nothing is so injurious in our system as the practice of placing in important offices men as raw as a north-easter, and as ignorant of the business he undertakes as one of the Hottentots who pulled the ropes to remove Dr. Herschell's great lens at the Cape of Good Hope.

Amos Kendall should appoint no Caffre-man or Hottentot to office, if he takes our advice.

**THE MARKET AND COURIER & ENQUIRER.**—For some time past, the Courier & Enquirer has been giving what it calls a regular report of the Beef Market, but whether the editor of that journal, has abandoned stocks and Wall street, and taken to beef and the Bull's Head, we cannot ascertain exactly. It is evident, however, that there is a juggle somewhere. In yesterday's Courier, we find quoted—beef cattle at \$5 50 to \$9 per hundred—thus giving out a false lure to the country dealers, which may prevent them from bringing cattle to town, and also indicating, that the butchers in our markets charge most exorbitant prices compared with what they pay. Can the Courier tell what cattle, and to whom were they sold for \$5 50 to \$9? Or is the Courier's Beef Market a mere juggle to monopolize the whole business, and pocket the odds as he would Morris Canal stock? In a day or two, we shall probe the Courier again in a new quarter, and on this occasion, we shall keep an eye upon the man that may come behind us with a stick. The Courier can't trump with clubs twice.

A strong breeze has been kicked up in Harrisburg by an article which appeared in the "Reporter" of that city, announcing the fact that a Senator had been offered a large bribe if he would vote for the bank bill.

The article was beautifully displayed in small capitals, &c. &c. and announced, in the most tremendous terms, that the people were betrayed—bribery and corruption was abroad, and the people now need not entertain the least doubt but that the bill would pass.

There is a tremendous waste of pen, ink, paper, and time, in proving, or rather trying to prove—nothing.

On the motion of a Mr. Fullerton, the editors of the Reporter were brought up and examined, and Mr. Barrett stated that he wrote the article on the authority of Mr. Krebs, the gentleman whose soul was above bribery, especially so small an one as that offered.—The fact is, the whole story was got up to create an excitement. Several persons were present when the offer was made to him, and the whole conversation was heard by every person present. He (Mr. Krebs) immediately wrote to some of his country friends, and the letters he wrote upon the occasion were read at a Bank meeting, and although he swore that he never communicated it to any person, yet the editors of the "Reporter" obtained their information from a foreign source.

It is the universal opinion of all sensible men at the Capitol, that Mr. Krebs makes his ignorance the tool of his malicious heart, and the whole affair has been got up by Krebs, Conrad, and a few other opponents of the Bank, to increase their popularity by attempting to put it (the Bank Bill) down.

A resolution to enquire into the conduct of Mr. Conrad, (the gentleman whom Krebs says offered the bribe,) has been unanimously adopted by the Senate.

The whole affair, from beginning to end, is one of the most illy contrived, and worse executed ruses de guerre we have ever heard of. Mr. Krebs, who by this time must be pretty well wearied of his fruitless opposition to the Bank Bill, was desirous, no doubt, of changing. He was only waiting to take his cue from Senator Greiger, and had that gentleman, without the \$4000 or \$5000 bonus, given his vote for the Bank, Senator Krebs would, like "Coriolanus of old," have gone over to the enemy, and then perchance he might have been bribed back.

There are friends enough of the Bank in Harrisburg, without resorting to such contemptible means for securing such contemptible ends.

**DREADFUL ACCIDENT.**—The following is the only definite account of the running down by the British barque Majestic, Capt. Mears, of a vessel supposed to be an American packet. As it is extracted from the log book of the Majestic, it may be relied upon as accurate:—

"On the evening of the 13th of January, by log, fell in with an unknown ship, at 10 P. M., running with the wind at N. W., and steering as near as we could guess, E. by S., blowing at the time fresh gales with rain and sleet. Shewed a light, which was answered by her. She then altered her course so as to go ahead of us. As soon as I observed that, I ordered the man at the helm to put it down, which he did immediately. But the ship came so fast down upon us, that she came athwart our bows, and carried away our bowsprit, stove in our bows, and otherwise damaged us. It is supposed that she sunk immediately, as nothing was ever seen of her afterwards."

We trust the fate of the unfortunate vessel may not be so dreadful as we have now too much reason to dread.

A Bookseller, in Broadway, has actually in press a curious book, called the "Secret History of the late Chatham Theatre, with an appendix shewing the interior management and morals of the Bowery Theatre since it came under the control of Thomas S. Hamblin." Some interesting disclosures of Green Room scenes we are told will be made.

The City Inspector reports the death of 146 persons during the past week ending on Saturday 13th inst. Of the above, 44 were men, 29 women, 39 boys, and 39 girls. Fifteen of the above were colored persons.

Capt. Corry, of H. B. M. brig Pantaloon, arrived at Norfolk, over land from Washington, and sailed on Thursday last for England, with his despatches. He will land at the first port on the western coast.

**DOCTOR BRANDRETH,** we perceive, intends to open an office at No. 1 SPRUCE STREET, (next door to the Sun office,) on Thursday next. This location will be very convenient for the public, as the virtue of his old established medicine is becoming well known in this country.

**LITERARY.**—A periodical by the name of the "Religious Magazine," is published in this city by a person called O. Bachelor. The religious world should be cautious how they subscribe, and particularly how they pay for such a work. Let no one pay in advance. If he does he may whistle at his leisure. The editor, Bachelor, though he calls himself a Christian, is a well known associate of the Infidels, and not long since lectured in Tammany Hall, under the auspices and with the consent of the Infidel society. Under the masked battery of a "Religious Magazine," it conceals the most virulent side attacks upon the truth of revelation. Be cautious.

The religious controversy is still going on between Doctor Sleight and Mr. Vale, in the Mulberry street Chapel. What crowds of ladies do attend! Females have all the religion now-a-days.

Where's Bachelor's certificates of character that he talked off? Can he even get a certificate from the Ins=els.

Will the writer of the communication giving us an account of the manners of Fuller the Gymnasium keeper, to his pupils, please to call at our office, 143 Nassau street. Before we publish the facts we must know their accuracy.

**NEW YORK & ERIE RAIL ROAD.**—This concern has passed to a certain stage, through the legislature, but it is doubtful whether it will go further. There is a most violent presumption that it is a mere stock-jobbing affair. Can any body prove that it is not?

**DOCTOR SLEIGHT'S Lecture on Physiology,** at the University, was crowded with beauty and fashion last Saturday evening, in spite of the weather. In the course of the evening he received an anonymous letter asking him—"Doctor, give us a lecture on the physiology of wearing corsets." It produced a great deal of merriment. Next Saturday we learn that he intends to give a learned medical lecture on the art and mystery, as it respects health, of wearing that important element in the elegant figures of the fair. We must not miss this lecture, at all events.

Come, come, Mr. Draytons,—no hanging back the name, if you please.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.  
We, the publishers of the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk," seize this early opportunity to reply to the affidavits you published in your Saturday's paper, although they do not furnish any of that species of evidence which the book demands, nor hold out the hope that any such evidence will be furnished, as a discerning public must naturally require; an examination of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal.

The author of the book plainly and repeatedly declares, that no evidence can be expected to prove decisive in the case; and while she proposes to present herself for any reasonable inquiry, she demands that the main question be fairly tried, and proclaims that she is ready to abide by the result. No inclination however, is shown, by those who have it in their power, to allow a resort to such evidence. The Nunnery is to be kept closed, she is not to be allowed entrance, accompanied, as she might be, by a few persons of both parties; and while certain New York newspapers speak of our book as one of the proofs of the evils arising from "a free press," we are expected to admit the blessings of nunneries closed against scrutiny.

Still, Mr. Editor, we repeat, we are prepared to reply to the affidavits you have published.

These affidavits are not new. Let not your readers suppose that they are as new to us, as they must be to most of them. They were published in Montreal several months ago, and have been carefully examined and weighed, and even commented upon since, in some American newspapers. The appearance of "Awful Disclosures" has not been owing either to fanaticism, or a desire to make money. The love of truth has induced its publication. After long and candid examinations, the plain tale of Miss Monk has been seen to present extraordinary claims to attention and belief. If it is not true, it will deserve to rank among, or rather above the mass of ingenious impostors on record. Her statements have been tested by an amount of cross questionings, ten, if not fifty times greater than would satisfy a court in a capital trial. Many individuals have endeavored to detect inconsistency: but thus far without success.

With regard to the affidavit of the mother, she represents her daughter as long subject to occasional alienation of mind. She has been in but one mind on the subject of her book for nearly a year, as can be easily proved by persons in this city. Several papers expressed suspicions of insanity. This is a disease indeed very common to eloped nuns; and the remedy commonly recommended, is happily one she would like to resort to, viz: to be taken back to the nunnery—not however to remain as long as before.

The mother does not say where her daughter was during the period embraced by the chief part of the book, nor how she knows that she has not been in the nunnery since a child. The mother is spoken of as a Protestant. From what has been learnt concerning her, it appears that she is more of a Roman Catholic, and once wanted her daughter to go to a priest to have the devil cast out of her, because she had an antipathy to convents.

The greater part of the testimony in the affidavits seems designed to affect the public opinion, not in respect to the nunnery, nor the witness, but in respect to one of the persons who accompanied her to Montreal last summer. In relation to that portion, we may say that there are some inconsistencies, and much irrelevant matter, likely to draw off the attention of the reader from the main question. From these main questions we do not intend to be drawn off.

The affidavit given by Dr. Robertson, corroborates most powerfully several important statements made by

Miss Monk, in that portion of her book which has not yet been published, but which was written soon anterior to the appearance of those affidavits in Montreal several months since, so that his words afforded considerable confirmation, at that period, to her story, instead of weakening her credit as was expected.

The same may be said of several of the affidavits in the Catholic Diary, of Saturday last, which contains more than the Herald.

Dr. Robertson, however, says that he has ascertained where she was a part of the time when she professes to have been in the convent. On this point we should be glad to obtain all possible testimony. We believe he is mistaken. Even Father Phelan, it seems from your paper, has made one great mistake about her: for in his letter, to which you refer, (written to the editor of the Catholic Diary,) he says that the authoress of the Disclosures is not Maria Monk; the real Maria Monk at the date, (a few days ago,) being in Montreal. Perhaps Dr. Robertson may have been mistaken in a case more liable to mistake. At least, his evidence appears to have been hearsay; and until we get better, that is not decisive.

We may perhaps say more hereafter about these difficulties: though the above is more than they can really merit, in the opinion of any one who has intelligently compared them with facts. We are anxious to do as much as possible to make up for "the evils of a free press," which some persons here, as well as in Canada, appear to hold in such apprehension; and this we shall endeavor to do by giving truth a wide circulation.

Convents, Mr. Editor, have been shown, by Roman Catholic writers and legislators, to have often produced dreadful and similar evils. Why may they not produce similar evils in America? Here are foreign institutions, shut up from inspection, and irresponsible to society. A wretched female, on the borders of death, and filled with horrors of mind, in the Bellevue Asylum, made "Awful Disclosures" concerning the nunnery, from which she said she had escaped. Through our press she wishes to speak to our countrymen and mankind. We were not disposed to deny her the privilege; and we believe our countrymen, with one voice, will say, that we have done an American thing in giving her a voice by which she has made herself heard, as we did it after proper and satisfactory investigation.

We cannot conclude, however, without declaring, that if the opposers of Miss Monk's book expect us to give their assertions any serious consideration, we shall demand of them equal regard for the evidence we have yet to bring forward to substantiate credibility.

We would allude here, however, to one point of great importance, which we hope others will not forget. These affidavits admit, nay, expressly prove, that Maria Monk spent some time in Montreal last summer, seeking to bring her complaint against the nunnery before the public authorities, and in one instance at least, could not get the notary to take her affidavit. We can add to this, that, after many applications, her affidavit had been taken by a notary: it was refused because an old French law was found, which required that the testimony of a Nun should be given before a higher officer.

We must also remark, that several bare-faced misstatements have been made, and circulated by papers claiming respectability. One of these is, that large parts of the "Awful Disclosures" are copied, "word for word, and letter for letter," (names only changed) from a book published in a foreign country, in Europe many years ago. This is totally false. But if it were really so: then the book would be true, with a change of names, it is to be presumed, as it is a Roman Catholic book; and of course, your affidavits would be irrelevant to it.

But Father Phelan, you say, asserts that the real Maria Monk is not here, but one assuming her name. Then certainly your affidavits again are of no value. They might as well have been obtained from John Doe or Richard Roe, or their cousin Richard Stiles.

We have to request, (according to the example set by the Catholic Diary, and some other editors who have appeared against our book,) that those newspapers which have published any of the misstatements above alluded to, or the affidavits, would give some of our declarations also.

HOWE & BATES.

**FRENCH SQUADRON IN THE WEST INDIES.**—Capt. Stowe, of brig Bunker Hill, from Antigua and St. Barts, reports that a fleet of five sail of the line and six frigates had arrived at Port Royal, (Martinique,) from France.

**SUPERIOR COURT.**—The important case of the owners of the ship Sir James Anderson vs. the Insurance Companies, is still pending in this court. The examination of witnesses has been very tedious and protracted, and will probably continue until Thursday or Friday. The grounds of the defence are, that the vessel, which was a timber ship, was unseaworthy when she sailed, as she had a quantity of water washed upon deck, and that the captain and crew deserted her, when by proper efforts, she could have been brought safely into port.

One of the suits already tried resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff to the full amount claimed, \$12,000, which, together with the expenses of the suit, must make a handsome sum for the Insurance Office to pay.

As soon as this trial is concluded, and we can obtain the necessary documents, we shall give as detailed an account as our limits will permit.

**ROSAMOND'S "Disclosures"** will not be published till next week. She will be ready to receive company, as soon as her book is out. Tickets gratis.

**QUACK LITERATURE** is all the go, since Stone published his Memoirs of Matthias.

A very indecent Magdalen sort of a work is published under the title of the "Advocate of Moral Reform." Ladies, don't touch—you will be defiled.

## MARRIED.

On Monday evening, the 15th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Berrian, Mr. Adam Thompson, to Miss Cornelia M. Sherwood.  
At New Orleans, on the 31st Jan, by the Rev. Theodore Clapp, Captain Samuel Hulen, of Massachusetts, to Miss Cornelia Helen Sheppard, of that city.

## DIED.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Edward Gray, a native of Kent, England, aged 49 years.  
On Monday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mr. Stephen Howell, in the 33d year of his age.  
On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. George W. Twibell, 47th inst, aged 3 years.